



# Sydney

et l'Australie

photographies François Poulet-Mathis



Portes ouvertes sur les sables,  
portes ouvertes sur l'exil,  
Les clés aux gens du phare,  
et l'astre roué vif sur la pierre du seuil :  
Mon hôte, laissez-moi  
votre maison de verre sur les sables...  
L'été de gypse aiguise ses fers de lance  
dans nos plaies,  
J'étais un lieu flagrant et nul  
comme l'ossuaire des saisons,  
Et, sur toutes grèves de ce monde,  
l'esprit du dieu fumant  
déserte sa couche d'amiante.

Saint-John Perse



An old tribal warrior  
Stares across his picturesque country  
Far as his failing eyes can see  
Wondering what's going to happen  
To his beautiful place  
Knowing what will happen to him.

Dale Backo

Core of my heart, my country!  
Land of the Rainbow Gold,  
For flood and fire and famine,  
She pays us back threefold-  
Over the thirsty paddocks,  
Watch, after many days,  
The filmy veil of greenness  
That thickens as we gaze.

Dorothea Mac Kellar





Heatwaves are bandwidths  
to my freedom  
Out here  
Where I talk to the spirits  
Where I feel my aboriginality  
Where I am the guardian of all  
That is really Australian

Paolo



I am not black  
I am not white  
I am not wrong  
I am not right

I am now here  
Not been before  
My ancestors  
Are here no more

They are so proud  
and love their land  
Traditional custodians  
will stand

Sandra Hayman.



When the land swallows  
your white arse  
You will call me  
as you have always done  
The blacktracker

Paolo





He came from a misery land  
Walking on the boulevards of the west  
Loved one and another mother countries  
No more expectation finally  
In an immortal twilight  
Assumed himself a world citizen  
Useless, nameless, powerless  
A self-contradiction

Catherine Yen





I hang my head in sorrow now  
Time for me to go  
I hear the didgeridoo and clapstick  
Boomerang last corroboree.

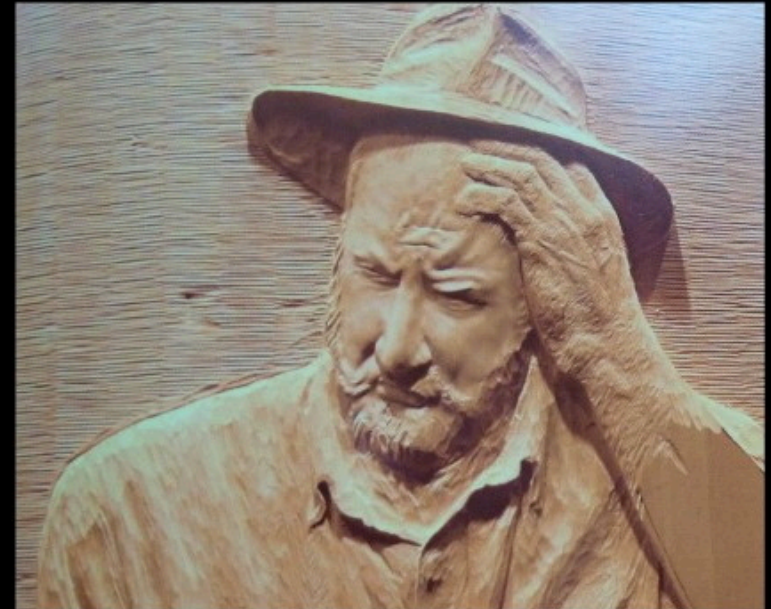
Sadly in my heart knows  
May my spirit watch over my clan  
For now I leave my tribal land.

Dale Backo



Oh, my ways are strange ways  
and new ways and old ways,  
And deep ways and steep ways  
and high ways and low,  
I'm at home  
and at ease on a track that I know not,  
And restless and lost  
on a road that I know.

Henry Lawson





Qu'importe que le corps soit à l'étroit  
pourvu que l'esprit soit au large !

Victor Hugo





Un jour on démolira  
ces beaux immeubles si modernes  
on en cassera les carreaux  
de plexiglas ou d'ultravitre

quand ces immeubles vieilliront  
du poids infini  
de la tristesse des choses

Raymond Queneau





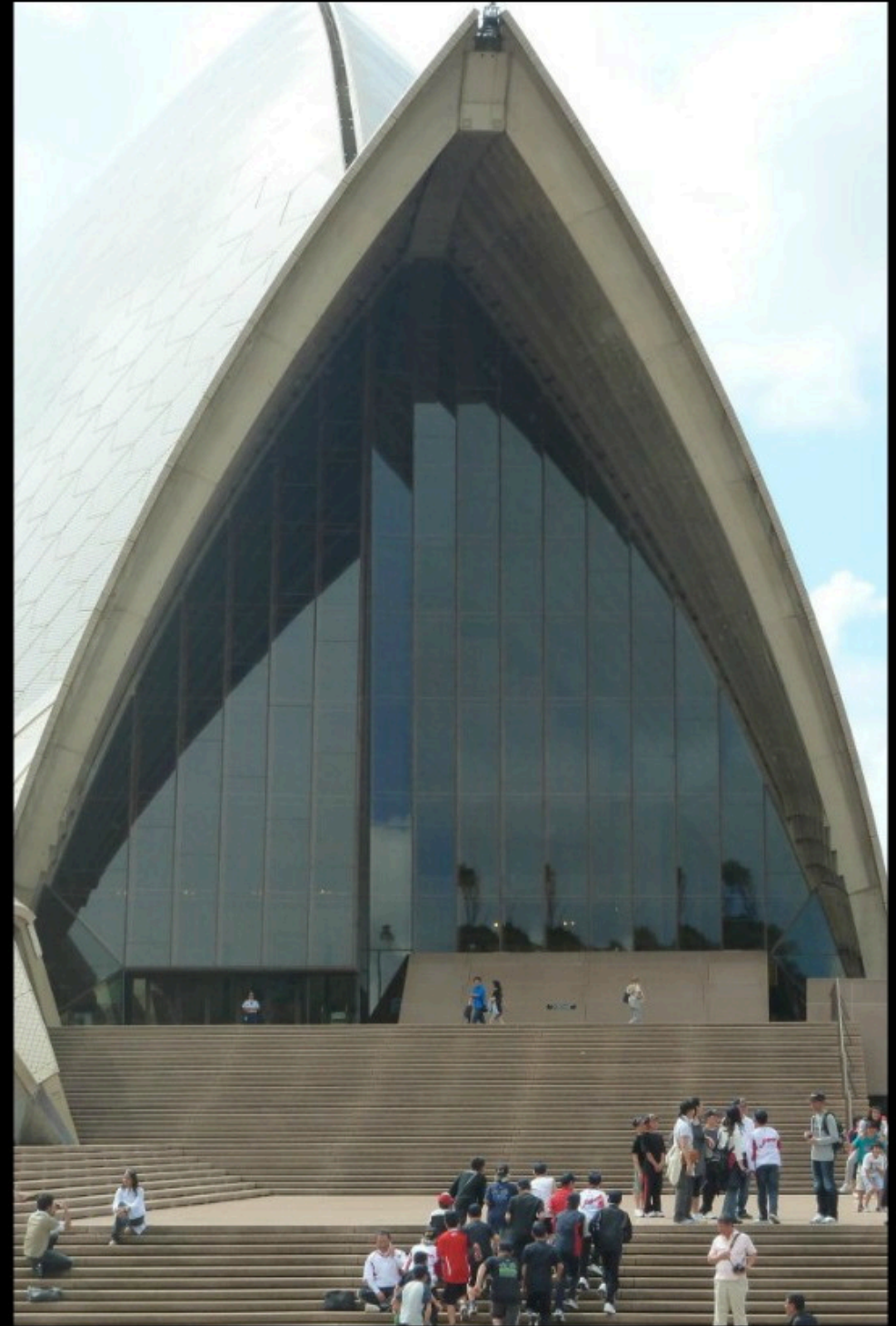
Paquebot immuable  
porté par des flots de notes raffinées  
Le bateau colossal étire ses voiles blanches

Marc Lasserre



So close to the water  
Youth choir of Australia  
Dancer's dance on stage  
No-one ever sleeps  
Everyone loves to play  
You could join in too

Caitlin Hickey







mille fois, ô vague,  
fiancée fugitive de l'océan :  
véneuse verte, élancée  
tu hisses ta cloche, et de là-haut,  
tu laisses tomber des lys.

Ô lame Incessante  
secouée par la solitude du vent,

le mouvement se fait écume  
puis de l'écume  
la mer se reconstruit  
et de nouveau ressurgit la turgescence.

Pablo Neruda





Sleeping someone somewhere  
Dreams of drinking daises  
Laying lucid loving lavender  
Adapting admiration of the ages  
Koala kites, kaleidoscope cries  
Bubbles blowing bare beauty  
Riding radiance rapidly realizing

Harper

The Giraffe took the horse's head  
and led him along  
on the most level parts of the road  
towards the railway station,  
and two or three chaps went along  
to help get the sick man into the train.

Henry Lawson






Kangourou premier,  
roi des kangourous,  
Ayant accroché  
son grand sabre au clou  
S'assoit dans un trône  
en feuilles de chou.

Sa femme arrivant,  
pleine de courroux,  
Dans sa poche a mis  
ses fils et ses sous,  
Ses gants, son mouchoir  
et ses roudoudous.

Robert Desnos





Cette petite Ruche abritait  
De telles Promesses de Miel  
Que le Réel devenait Rêve  
Et le Rêve, Réalité

Emily Dickinson







Through the tumult of their warlike preparation  
And the half-stilled clamour of the drums  
Came a voice crying, 'Lo! a new-made nation,  
To her place in the sisterhood she comes !

Banjo Paterson - Song of the Federation



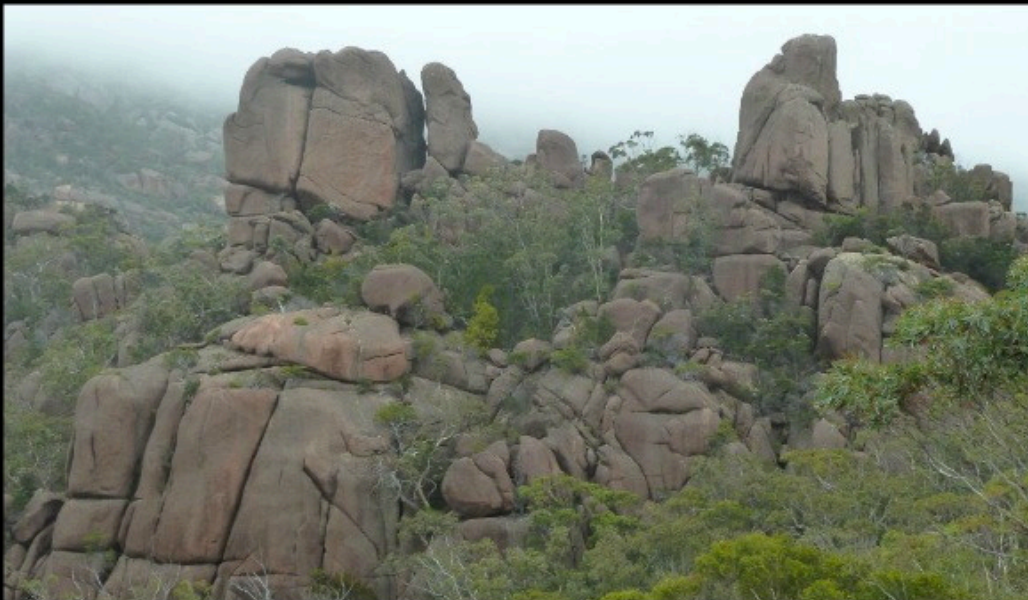


Au creux des grands canyons ,  
un fleuve de nuages azurés  
s'échappe des cimes endormies.

La ville de Sydney n'est pas loin,  
sa tumultueuse agitation  
se noie aux pieds insurmontables  
de la Cordillère australienne

Marc Lasserre





A stark white ring-barked forest  
All tragic to the moon,  
The sapphire-misted mountains,  
The hot gold hush of noon.  
Green tangle of the brushes,  
Where lithe lianas coil,  
And orchids deck the tree-tops  
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Dorothea Mac Kellar





An opal-hearted country,  
A wilful, lavish land-  
All you who have not loved her,  
You will not understand-  
Though earth holds many splendours,  
Wherever I may die,  
I know to what brown country  
My homing thoughts will fly.

Dorothea Mac Kellar



pays au coeur d'opale  
terre insoumise et généreuse

Où que je meurs  
Je sais vers quel pays couleur de terre  
Mes pensées se retourneront.





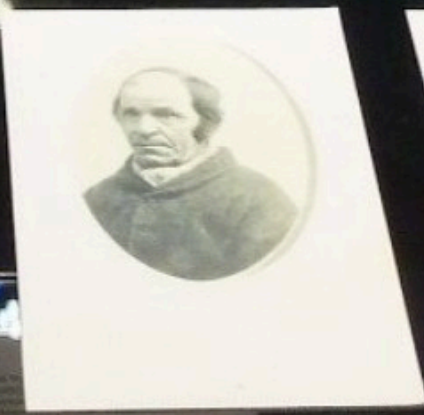
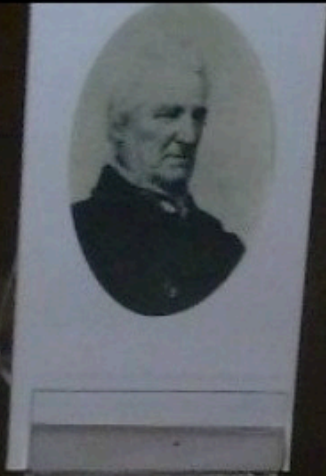
The love of field and coppice,  
Of green and shaded lanes.  
Of ordered woods and gardens  
Is running in your veins,  
Strong love of grey-blue distance  
Brown streams and soft dim skies  
I know but cannot share it,  
My love is otherwise.

Dorothea Mac Kellar





Chapman I, 1824' 996.0018  
 Montague' [1852] 996.0018  
 abella 2, 1842' 996.0017  
 in from 996.0019  
 per M[arquie] of 996.0020  
 1831' 996.0021  
 [illegible] 996.0024



Small text label, partially obscured and difficult to read.

Once owned by William Champ, Commandant in the 1840s. It has been hand-carved and made from glass and horn. The date 1829 is inscribed in one corner and it is said to be a relic from his service at Manusama Harbour.





Terre des vastes plaines,  
horizons lointains,  
c'est ma grande terre brune

Dorothea Mackellar





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Australie

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2011